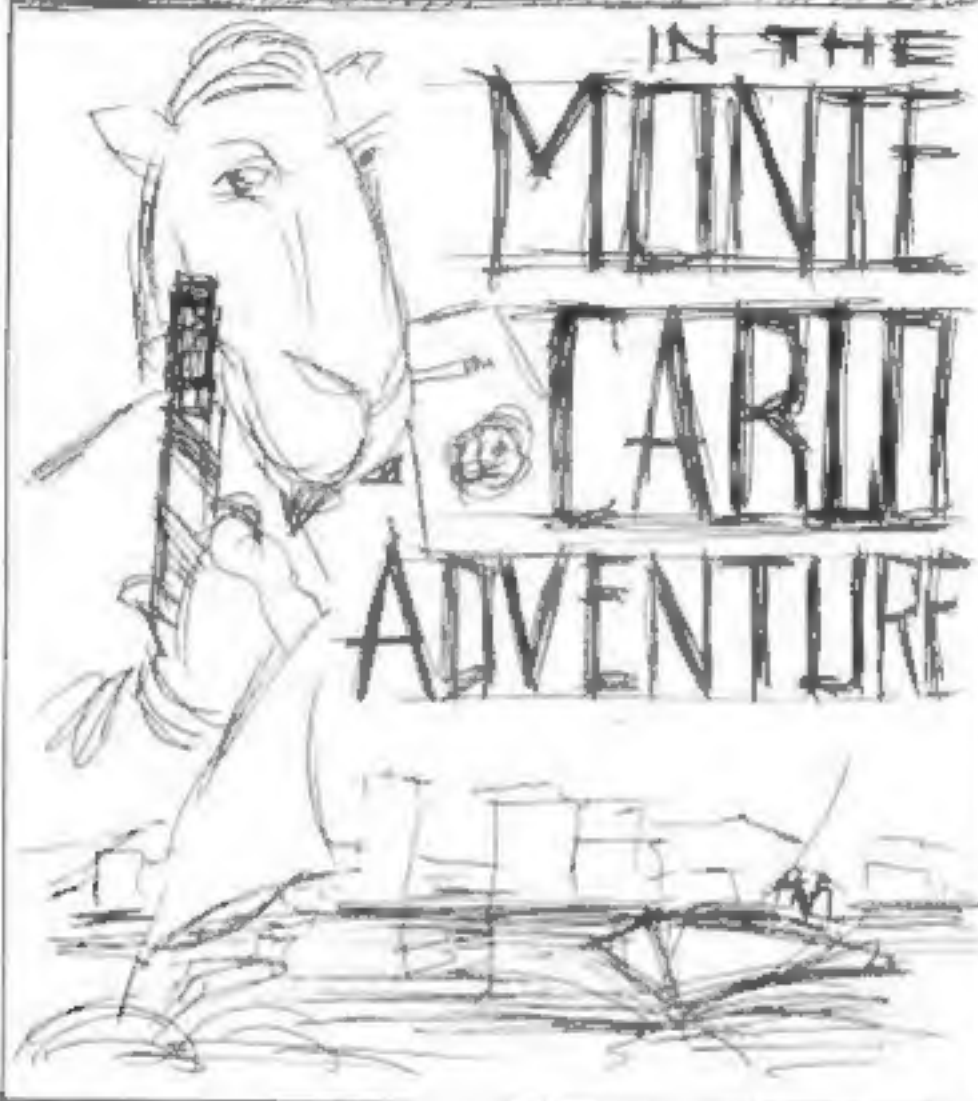


Joe Camel



Dwayne McDuffie
Notes for 3,500 Words
JOE CAMEL
"The Monte Carlo Adventure"
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JOE CAMEL

"The Monte Carlo Adventure"

The bullet entered the wall in the space Joe Camel's head had occupied only a moment before. He wasn't expecting the assassin's sudden attack, but even so, he was ready for it. A Camel's always got to be ready for anything. A swift slap sent his attacker's weapon clattering across the floor. An impossibly swift boot to the jaw later, and his attacker had rejoined his weapon; both now lay motionless on the cold bathroom tile. No surprise, since it's often been said that Joe Camel has a kick something like a mule's. A careful look at the sleeping man's face confirmed that he was unknown to Camel. A creatively applied pitcher of ice water shocked his captive back to consciousness.

"Wake up. You've got some questions to answer," Camel brayed in his quiet, even voice. He seldom needed to repeat himself, but this time he did, in French, Italian and Monegasque, all of which he spoke flawlessly, with a trace of an unidentifiable accent. It wasn't necessary. His opponent spoke English as well as Camel.

The would-be assassin's eyes flicked over to where his gun still lay, just out of his reach. If he moved quickly enough...

"Don't even think about it," Camel warned, "You won't make it." The assassin looked up at his quarry. As always, Camel wore hand-tailored clothes, not from vanity, but in an attempt to properly fit his unusual physique. Camel is a powerfully built man, exactly as in the pictures the assassin had been given to study. tall, dark, even handsome, in an off-beat fashion. What the pictures couldn't capture was Camel's force of personality, they completely missed his essence. What the assassin had missed, until this moment, was the gun that Camel pulled from the shoulder holster beneath his linen jacket, a gun now leveled directly at him.

He was trapped. He knew his captor was a pro. If Camel wanted him to talk, eventually, he would. But if he did, the organization that hired him would surely find him. And they would just as surely make him pay for his failure. His decision was easier than he would have imagined. Compared to the tortures his masters at F.O.E. would devise for him, death was the easy way out.

Camel saw the assassins' jaw clench. He knew what had happened even before he scented the faint, bitter almond smell of the cyanide gas that leaked from the man's shattered, hollow tooth. His assailant was dead. Clearly he had more talent for suicide than he did for murder. Camel smiled grimly as he tossed his unopened luggage on the hotel bed.

"Hell of a way to start a vacation," he thought.

So begins the first in a series of the tongue-in-cheek adventures of Joe Camel. The series will take him through all of the scenarios suggested by the "Smooth Character" advertising posters ("Miami Vice," "Thunderball," "Indiana Jones," "Top Gun," *et cetera*), all written as affectionate pastiches of the source material. Each adventure will stress the independence, athleticism, coolness under fire, good humor, quick wit, sexual attractiveness, and personal magnetism (not to mention almost super-human competence at tackling any task set before him), that defines Joe Camel. His adventures are both fun and funny, and are rich in the elements of the exotic life of travel, mystery and excitement that we daydream about. Joe Camel is everyone we've ever wanted to be, in all of our wildest fantasies.

In "The Monte Carlo Adventure," some of the free-lance adventurer's mysterious past begins to catch up with him. Less than an hour after arriving in town for the following day's Grand Prix (he's only here to *watch*, this time), Camel finds himself thrown into the latest conflict between the super-secret espionage organization known only as "The Firm" and the international crime cartel that The Firm was created to combat, the sarchastically-christened F.O.E. (the Forces Of Evil). Ironically, Camel resigned from The Firm a couple of years ago, finding the red tape of their methods of operation too restrictive for his taste. Unfortunately, nobody told F.O.E. about his resignation. And when Joe Camel shows up in Monte Carlo on the eve of one of F.O.E.'s grandest schemes ever, F.O.E. isn't willing to believe his timely arrival is just coincidence.

F.O.E.'s almost got it right. The Firm does know that F.O.E. is up to something here, even if they don't know exactly what. The Firm's top agent, Oscar Lighter, has been trying to investigate by romancing the beautiful Contessa von Stucco, wife of F.O.E. section chief Willhelm von Stucco. The Contessa, it develops, is a very dangerous woman with ambitions of her own. When a midnight search of the Contessa's office brings Lighter face

to face with the Contessa's strikingly lovely female bodyguard, a six-foot, five inch, steroid-muscled, martial arts expert known only as Butte. Lighter is lucky to survive. From his hospital bed, he implores his old friend and partner Joe Camel to take over the case for him. Camel agrees to work for The Firm once again, but this time as a freelance operative, and only on his own terms.

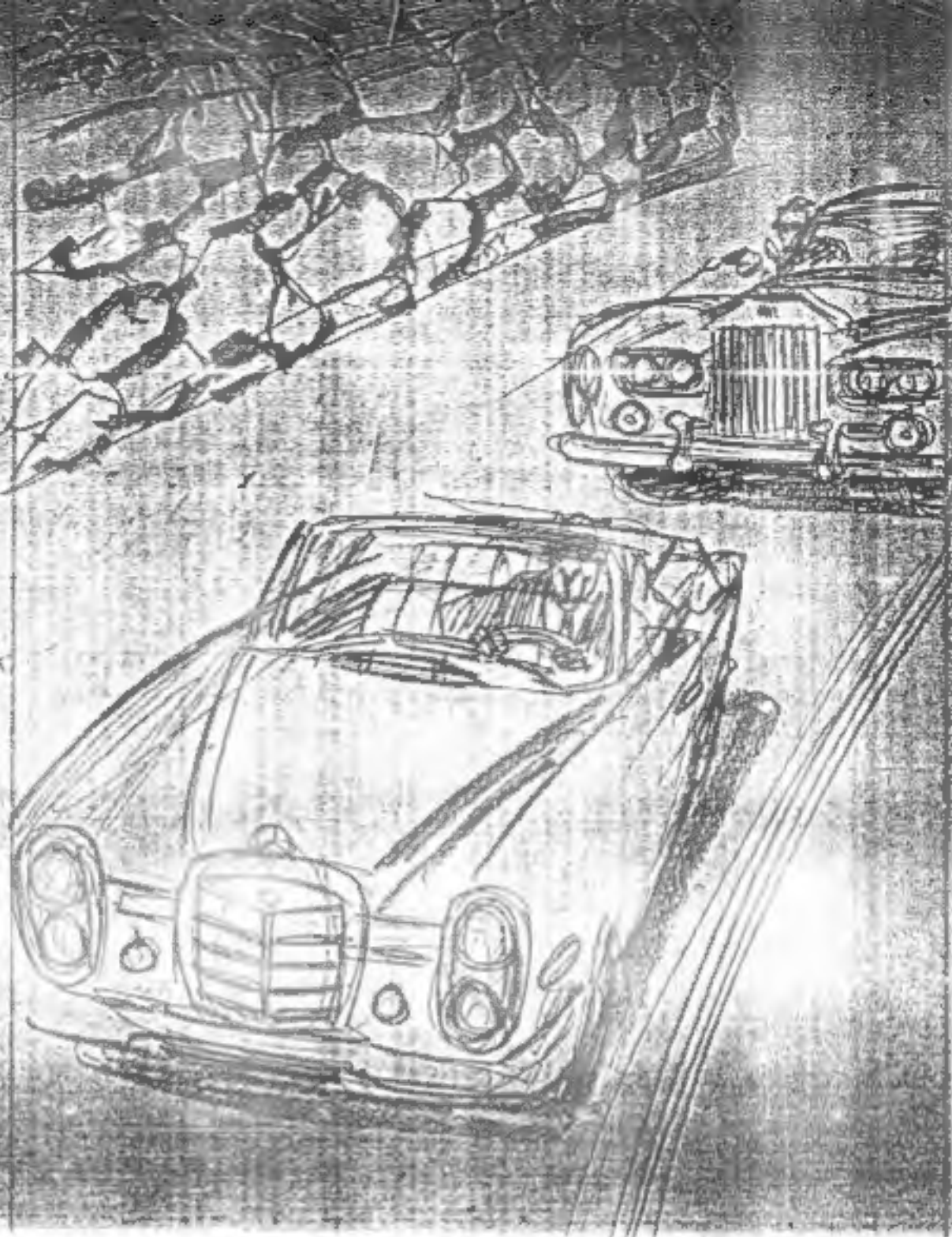
In Joe Camel's Monte Carlo Adventure, he uncovers a gigantic money-laundering scheme run by Willhelm von Stucco (heir to the Stucco millions), and an upcoming plot by von Stucco's own wife to double-cross him (it will become clear that she is working for the shadowy head of F.O.E., a man or woman known only as the Director. I imagine that the contest will have something to do with figuring out his/her identity, from clues scattered throughout the series). The Contessa tries to manipulate Camel, first through seduction, and then by force, into aiding F.O.E. Instead, Camel will rescue and romance college co-ed Cathy Fortrain, whose brilliant mathematical theories are the lynch-pin of F.O.E.'s plan. He will break the bank at Monte Carlo's biggest casino. He will survive a thrilling chase on the Grand Corniche, driving a borrowed Formula One, with F.O.E.'s deadly henchmen in hot pursuit. He will do what Lighter could not, defeat Butte in hand-to-hand combat, only to face the vengeance of her big (most would amend that to "huge") brother, Mesa. Finally, he will battle von Stucco himself, high above the ground in the hang glider the two men share, while the Contessa's men try to shoot them both down. Camel, of course, comes out on top at the end, but with the queasy suspicion that this plot was only the tip of the iceberg. F.O.E., an international crime cartel with the resources of a good-sized country, is up to something big. One man, working alone, intends to stop them. Joe Camel is back in the game. Bet against the house.

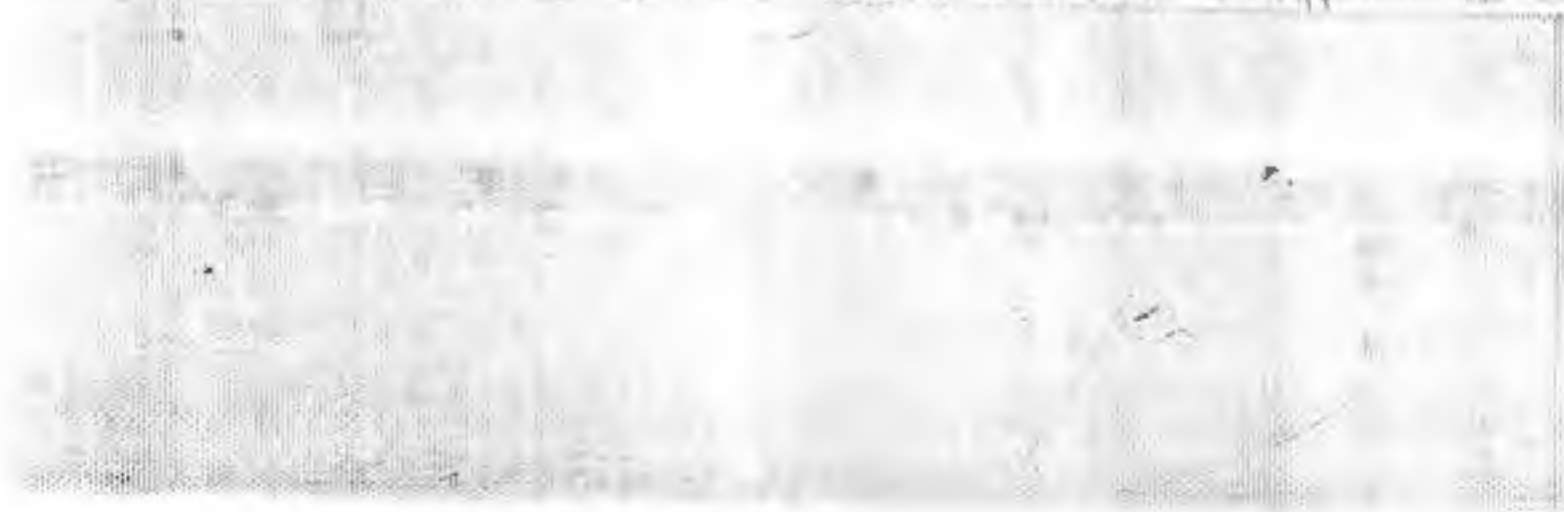
Don't have
lamp butt up
against car
bad guy. Leave
some negative space.
expression
looks a
bit goofy, particularly
smile.

Use
Formula 1
race car

Don't have Joe in
it, make it more
like a number with a secret
DON'T KNOW SECRET
THE FORMULA!
DO YOU
HAVE REC?
OR WILL THE
MERCEDS DO?

make
it look like
a car
1966







Red's
Should look
wholesome, sexy,
modern, distant
in style
street clothes
befitting a
attractive young
collegiate woman.
She should
look happy and
attracted to us,
not stressed.

Take
out of
spike it
vins illuso
it flight



Joe Candi looks
too confused. Fine
girl sexy leather
outfit, not a
bikini. Think
Grace Jones in her
overall look (but
keep it simple)
Mike has and the
other guy look like
modern, contemporary
bad guys. Really
hilarious girl can
be wearing a party
outfit, maybe open
on sides with nothing





→ lose
guns

→ old
cigarette
hand

Sexy
Clothes
on
woman
heels,
More
exotic
bottom
hair





Sexy
Clothes
on
woman,
heels,
More
exotic
look more
mature
savage

